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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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I'M THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK OF UNCLE SAM.

I've just got back from Washington, where I have been before,
And I did n't have a cent in my pockets when I went;
But "the agents" smiled upon me as they never did of yore,
And, now I've got my pension, I'm a gent;—
And, now I've got my pension, I'm a gent!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO MORAL **T**HREE WERE good old days, once upon a time, when MUMMERY.

A man could come home on Saturday afternoon and say to his wife: "Sarah Jane, we have both of us worked hard all the week; let us go to the play to-night and have a good time." And at that happy stage of the world's civilization, John and Sarah Jane really could go off together and see an honest, old-fashioned play with a lovely heroine and a valiant hero, and a thoroughly, satisfactorily bad villain. And throughout the whole evening they could sit and laugh and cry, and even if it happened that the play was preposterous rubbish they still could believe in it for the time being, and manage to extract their good time from it and have something to talk about the next day. But the period we speak of is fast fading back into the dimness of tradition. A tidal wave of morality, reform and high moral purpose is drowning the healthy fun out of our drama; and the next thing we know it may overwhelm the circus, and leave us in a desperate plight.

We wish it were possible to find out in what muddled brain the idea originated of yoking art and morality—we use the latter word not because we think it applicable, but because that appears to be the accepted name for the business of bothering your neighbor with novelties of righteousness. The man who first conceived of this offensive and futile union ought certainly to be spotted and held up to eternal disgrace. Morality—the real morality—the morality that lies at the bottom of every sincere religion, can never be truly served by forcing it into incongruous and undignified relations. There are some people, of course, who can never see this truth. They are the people who go around painting texts on fences and culverts, and who get up "moral pocket-handkerchiefs." But, as a rule, these are the people whose walk in life does not put them in the way of meddling with the nobler arts. Of course, the pleasant and industrious animal with the paint brush would paint "Sinner, repent," right across the "Immaculate Conception" of Murillo, or the "Infanta Margarita" of Velasquez, if he were allowed to get at either of those masterpieces. But great works of art, as a rule, are in the keeping of people who know how to respect and protect them. It is only on the stage that the ruthless moralist is allowed—and even encouraged—to spoil art in the interest of his private religious prejudices. He is kept out of the picture-gallery and the hall of sculpture; but our stage he seems to have seized for his very own.

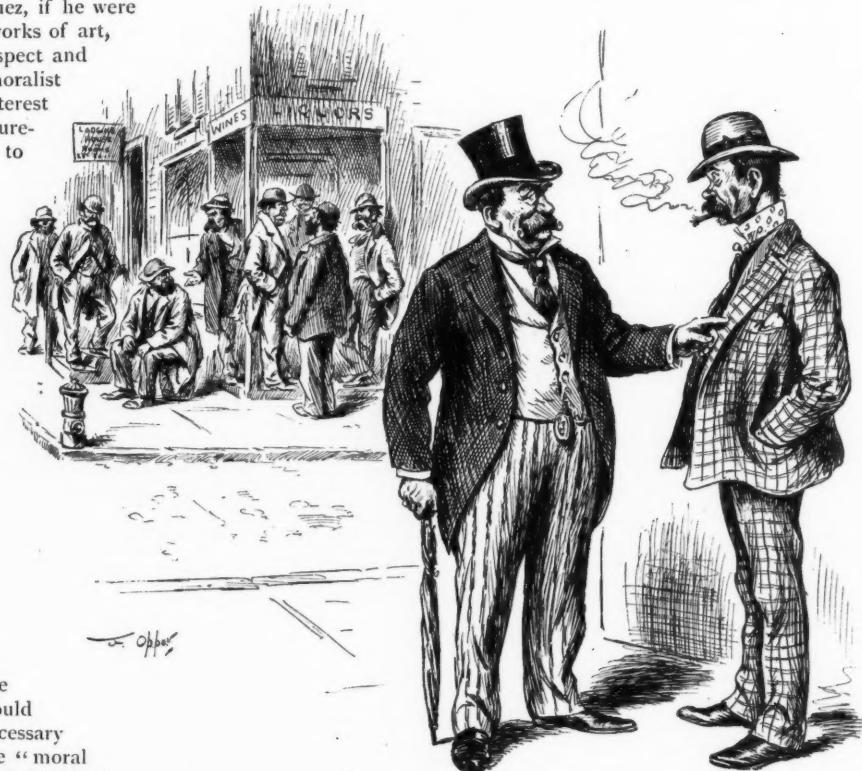
It does seem astounding to a simple-minded citizen to see art made a holy show in the interests of a kind of morality that the biblical patriarchs never heard of and never would have talked about. It is only necessary for some hairy crank in Scandinavia or Russian Tartary to get an idea in his head that if a married woman finds out that her husband's great-uncle had scrofula, her clear moral duty is to kill all her children and set fire to the house. That is absolutely all that is necessary—that, and keeping away from the barber. He has just to turn that pretty idea into a play, and the managers will play it for him at special society matinées, and the Press will gush over him in column after column of solemn, respectful twaddle.

There is a serious side, of course, to this misuse of the stage. All forms of dramatic representation appeal more to the emotions than to the intellect. Error and extravagance may be made plausible and attractive on the stage, even when their presentation in any other form would be repellent and repulsive to the public. But it is not necessary to cite its possibilities of mischief in order to impeach the "moral purpose" drama. It serves, no doubt, to addle a few brains half-addled already, and it probably breeds a good deal of discontent among certain classes of idle women. But the public has a much broader ground for complaint against the people who try to use the theatre for the propagation of theories, moral, social or political, in that they swindle their audiences and exert a deteriorating influence on the actors. An actor who tries to play the part of a clergyman, a publicist or a philosopher is a sight to make angels weep. Few things are more objectionable in the line of

perverted humanity. Among these few may be mentioned clergymen, publicists and philosophers who try to act. In both sorts of cases the offensiveness springs from the incongruity. The primary business of the actor is to amuse the public. When he gets to taking himself too seriously, and thinks he is qualified to indulge in high moral purposes, or even that he would know a high moral purpose if he should happen to see one, it is time that he was reminded of the difference between playing and preaching. To any clean and healthy mind it should be as offensive to see the stage used for the work of the church or the lecture-room as it would be to see our seminaries and universities turned over to clowns and buffoons.

The most prominent sinner against the sound canons of art and good taste is Mr. Ibsen, a Scandinavian gentleman with too much hair, and a disagreeable mind from which he gives us dramatic pieces from time to time. His dramatic formula is simple; his morality complex and generally calculated to make any decent woman blush. The morality may be inferred from a statement of the formula: Take a heroine with the mental and moral characteristics of a hen; let her tackle her husband or her sweetheart or her gardener or her grocer—any sort of man will do; let her accuse him of having once shaken hands with a man whose grandfather once tried to flirt with some other fellow's girl, and ask him to defend his conduct on the ground of abstract morality. Let the man in his simple, masculine way say, "What of it?" Let the heroine tell him that he has countenanced iniquity and thereby brought the blight of sin on himself and his whole family, and all the people he does business with; and that therefore she, the said heroine, is released from all moral obligations to anybody or anything, and is going off somewhere by herself to grow up to the high stature of pure womanhood, leaving her six months'-old infant to sterilize his own milk and take his chances of reaching the high stature of pure manhood. Or, if this does not strike the heroine as an attractive climax, she can commit suicide or kill somebody—it's all the same in the Ibsen morality.

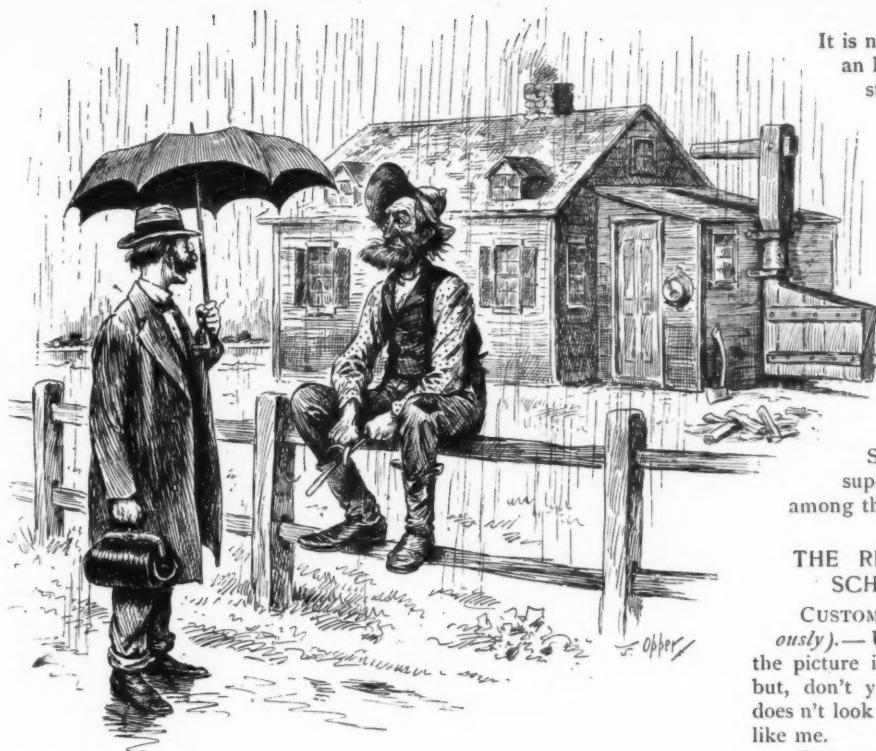
A stage play is meant, first of all, to interest and amuse people; to rest their minds and stimulate their sympathies. Every play that pretends to teach a moral lesson is a fraud on the public in every line wherein it strays from its strict dramatic purpose. And perhaps the most severe condemnation of the kind of play that thus seeks popularity under false pretenses is that it never gives to the playgoer his money's-worth in healthful and innocent amusement.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

WARD HEELER.—If we get that gang from the lodging-houses under a "Workingmen's Club" banner, we'll get the real working-men down on us. They're nothing but tramps.

POLITICIAN.—That's all right; we'll leave out the "Workingmen's Club" and run 'em in as "The Industrial Alliance of the Unemployed."



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AN INDISPENSABLE FEATURE.

TRAVELER.—What is that curious-looking thing on your house?

NATIVE.—It's a rudder, stranger. It don't look purty; but it's mighty handy, 'cos the river rises so high durin' the rainy season that we're afloat most of the time!

A WATER LILY.

THE LILY floated on the wave,
A dream of carven snow;
Dimpled in beauty, chaste and rare,
She drifted to and fro.

The breezes kissed her shining cheek,
And lingered 'neath a spell—
Reflected in the wooing wave,
She idly rose and fell,

Until she lightly turned, as if
Upon a perfumed bed,—
When I discovered, like a flash,
Her hose were silk and red.

R. K. Munkittrick.



MRS. NEWRICH.—I want to look at some statuary for my library.

DEALER.—How would you like one of these marble busts of Shakspere?

MRS. NEWRICH.—Send me a dozen of him, and show me what else you have.

THE MAN who won't see his ov'n errors is playing with himself with loaded dice.

THE WORST cases of incompatibility of temper occur when both parties have the same kind of temper, and plenty of it.

PRIDE, POVERTY and prevarication are an inseparable trio. The man with no money but what bought his beer always eats his free lunch furtively.



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MRS. GLEASE.—Gracious, Hiram! It's blown up awful cold! You have no overcoat on, and you have a cold on your chest already.

A DRAMA FROM LIFE.
It is night at Mountford Manse. The lamps should have been lit an hour ago. And yet a woman sits in the gathering gloom with strained eyes that burn unnaturally. There is a look of determination in her face, the lines about her mouth are hard and drawn. She toys impatiently with the keen knife in her grasp. Suddenly, with a gasp of fury, she casts it from her and sends it ringing across the oaken floor. "Dra! it!" she cries; "I never could sharpen a pencil!" Do what she might, womanhood had asserted itself.

THERE TO STAY.

REVEREND DOOGOOD.—My friend, is the spiritual welfare of the poor fellows under your charge properly attended to?

PENITENTIARY
WARDEN.—Well, there are several Sunday - school superintendents among the prisoners!

CUSTOMER (dubiously).

Um — er — the picture is very nice; but, don't you know, it does n't look the least bit like me.

D'AUBER (loftily).—Look like you! Well, I should say not! This is art; not photography.

THE SUBDUED murmur of their voices, mingled with the whir of the cogwheels in the gas meter, was the only sound.

"Can I not move you?" he demanded.

Their eyes met.

"Yes, George," she answered, after a pause; "if your knee is tired."



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REQUIRES GENIUS.

"Ah!" remarked the great musician, as he walked the floor with his howling offspring in his arms; "it is much easier to compose a grand opera than a wakeful baby."

IF A MAN were able to do just as he pleased all the time, he would complain because there was not something else to do.

A POPULAR POPULIST PREVENTIVE.



E. M. T. O. P. R. E. M.

MR. GLEASE (as he arranges his hirsute appendage).—That's all right, Mother. Have you a safety-pin about you?

THE MAN who seeks your friendship has a motive in view; the woman who does so has two or three of them.

THE THINGS that go without saying must have escaped feminine attention.

IT IS 'NT worth while to reason with women. They can only be logical with those they hate.

"DO YOU admire Professor Sven-gali's playing?"

"Oh, immensely! He plays such good accompaniments for conversation, you know."

A FARE PRICE—
The Nickel.

A THING OF beauty is a joy, while it remains in fashion.

MULLANEY'S MISTAKE.

AN UPTOWN EPISODE.

MR. MULLANEY and Mr. Hoolihan were not on speaking terms. Mr. Mullaney depended for his livelihood on driving a car-r-t for a big coal company. Mr. Hoolihan was the proprietor of a saloon, with all the power, political and social, which that implies. Mr. Hoolihan had exerted his influence to secure a certain sinecure for his brother-in-law in the Department of Public Works, which Mr. Mullaney had thought should be his own, on account of his long and unselfish devotion to Tammany and its interests. The brother-in-law got the place, and that Fall Mr. Mullaney bolted the ticket, was not a contestant in the turkey-ralle at Christmas-time, and did not go on the Hoolihan chowder excursion the following Fourth of July.

This was the state of affairs when, one day, Mr. Hoolihan stepped to the telephone and ordered from the Black Diamond Coal Company a ton of coal for his saloon. It was fate that it fell to Mr. Mullaney to deliver it. He had never delivered in his own district before; and, when he drove up in front of Hoolihan's Palace Café, he was not going to add to his own ignominious position in Hoolihan's eyes by apprising him of his presence as the driver of a coal car-r-t. The iron manhole cover was on the side-walk before him. Mr. Mullaney lifted it up, ran out the big sheet-iron spout, and the automatic coal-cart did the rest. Mr. Mullaney kicked the few scattered lumps down the hole after the rest, replaced the cover, and drove away with grim satisfaction that neither Hoolihan nor any of his satellites had beheld him, and that he, in consequence, had escaped their jeering recognition. But he had reckoned without his host. Mr. Hoolihan had beheld him.

An hour later the following conversation took place over the telephone, between that gentleman and the manager of the Black Diamond Coal Company:

"Is there a t'ick-headed, flannel-mouthed, traitorous tarrier named Mullaney drivin' a car-r-t for yez?"

"There is a man named Mullaney in our employ; but —"

"Well, yez can sind him back wid a shovel to Hoolihan's Palace Café on Amstherdahn Avino, to take out the ton of coal he so dignaciously put down in the sewer!"

It was true; Mr. Mullaney had lifted off, in his hurry, the wrong man-hole cover! But he resigned his position rather than return and shovel the misplaced load from the city's sewer to Hoolihan's coal-hole; and Mr. Hoolihan's brother-in-law, of the Board of Publick Wur-r-ks, removed it at a cost to the municipality of two hundred and ten dollars.

Mr. Mullaney is now the janitor of an apartment house on West 88th Street. He is a leading light in the reform movement for better government; and, if Tammany is turned down this Fall, he will see personally that the brother-in-law loses his job, and that Hoolihan's license is revoked.

Roy L. McCandell.

MEN WHO preach by the yard usually practice by the inch.

"TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH"—
Alsace and Lorraine.

MISS BEACONHILL.—Are you interested in Psychical matters?
CHARLEY BLEECKER.—Oh, yes! I spend half my time on a wheel.



BEYOND HIS DEPTH.

DOBSON.—There goes Jones, the expert accountant. They say he's going crazy.

JOBSON.—What's the trouble?

DOBSON.—He's been trying to straighten out his wife's household accounts.

WHERE THE DANGER LAY.

MRS. LEO HUNTER (with a little preliminary shiver).—Oh, I am sure, I can't see how you can be so composed after all you have been through! It must have been dreadfully dangerous down there at that horrid Rio Janeiro during that awful revolution!

CAPT. MAINBRACE, U. S. N.—I should say it was dangerous!—yellow fever liable to break out any time!

TRACED TO ITS SOURCE.

"When a woman says she won't, she *won't*; and there's an end on 't. And when a woman says she will, she *will*; and you may depend on 't."

The above was written by a man who told his wife she should keep on wearing her old Winter's hat when she said she should like to have a new Spring bonnet.

AT THE CHINESE THEATRE.

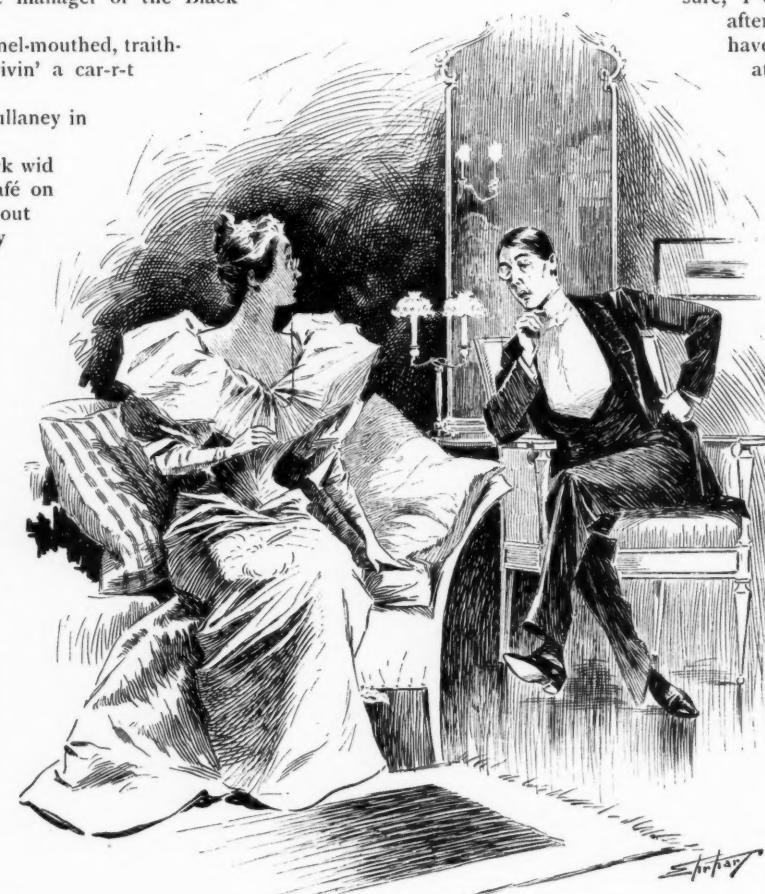
REPORTER (amid the din of gongs and drums).—Hullo, John! How is it this theatre is open on Sunday?

LEE LUNG (one of the audience).—Boss of show, alleee same smartee man—gitee permit flo' sacred concert!

ORTHODOX.

STRANGER (in Hester Street).—I am a physician from the Board of Health. You must let me vaccinate you. It won't hurt you; just bring the blood.

WARSHINSKY (in trepidation).—Bring der bludt! It would n't be kosher. Send for der rabbi!



HIS IDEA.

LOVE UP TO DATE.



IE, on the doubt; the trembling hesitation!
Fie, on the modern, over-careful maid!
Seeking to gain a more exalted station;
Eager to marry; timidly afraid.

Sorting her suitors; cynically weighing
One with the other; youth against brains,
Fame, rank and fortune, in the balance; praying
That wedded joys may compensate its pains.

Passion is naught. Her intellect prevents her
Ever from throwing misgivings to the winds.
All metaphysics, psychology, and Spencer,
Vague apprehensions terrify her mind.

Oh, for a girl like Juliet! unthinking,
Warm in an instant; loving in a breath;
Blindly devoted; unwavering, unshrinking;
Sweet, true and tender in the face of death!

Harry Romaine.



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A SHOCK.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, here's a letter for you from the Dead-Letter Office.

BRIDGET (excitedly).—It's me ould mother, I know! She's been ailin' for a long toime. Oh, worrah! worrah! worrah! (Faints.)

A DELSARTE TRAGEDY.

"Julia," said the young man in a low, impassioned tone, "I have long sought the opportunity to tell you how deeply—how sincerely—"

The expression of amazement upon her features checked his utterance. He looked down and hesitated.

"Proceed, sir," she said, in a reassuring tone.

"O Julia! surely your heart tells you what I would say. I love you, Julia! Will you be my—But no! I read too well my answer in your face. Adieu, then, forever! But the time will yet come when you will bitterly regret—"

And he dashed wildly from the apartment.

"Harold! Harold! Come back; you have misunderstood," she called after him. But it was too late.

"Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed in anguish. "Yes, yes; I see it all now! I have assumed the wrong Delsartean expressions. Instead of 'Joy succeeded by Deliberation,' as I intended, my features expressed 'Astonishment and Aversion.'"

Phillips Thompson.

IT IS always surprising how much deeper a hole is after one gets into it.

THE SUCCESS of a book depends not so much upon who writes it as upon who writes it up.



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A GOOD GUESS.

HOCHSTATTER.—A week ago Mergelheimer was in despair about hard times in his business. I met him to-day and he was smiling all over. His troubles must have ended in smoke.

WOGGLEBAUM.—Yes; that was the very day ended. When you met him he was about to collect his insurance.

NECESSARY TRAINING.

YOUNG LADY.—Have you professors of socialistic philosophy and Hindoo theology here?

COLLEGE PRESIDENT.—Um—n—no; we have n't. Why do you wish to study those branches?

YOUNG LADY.—I wish to become a writer of popular novels.

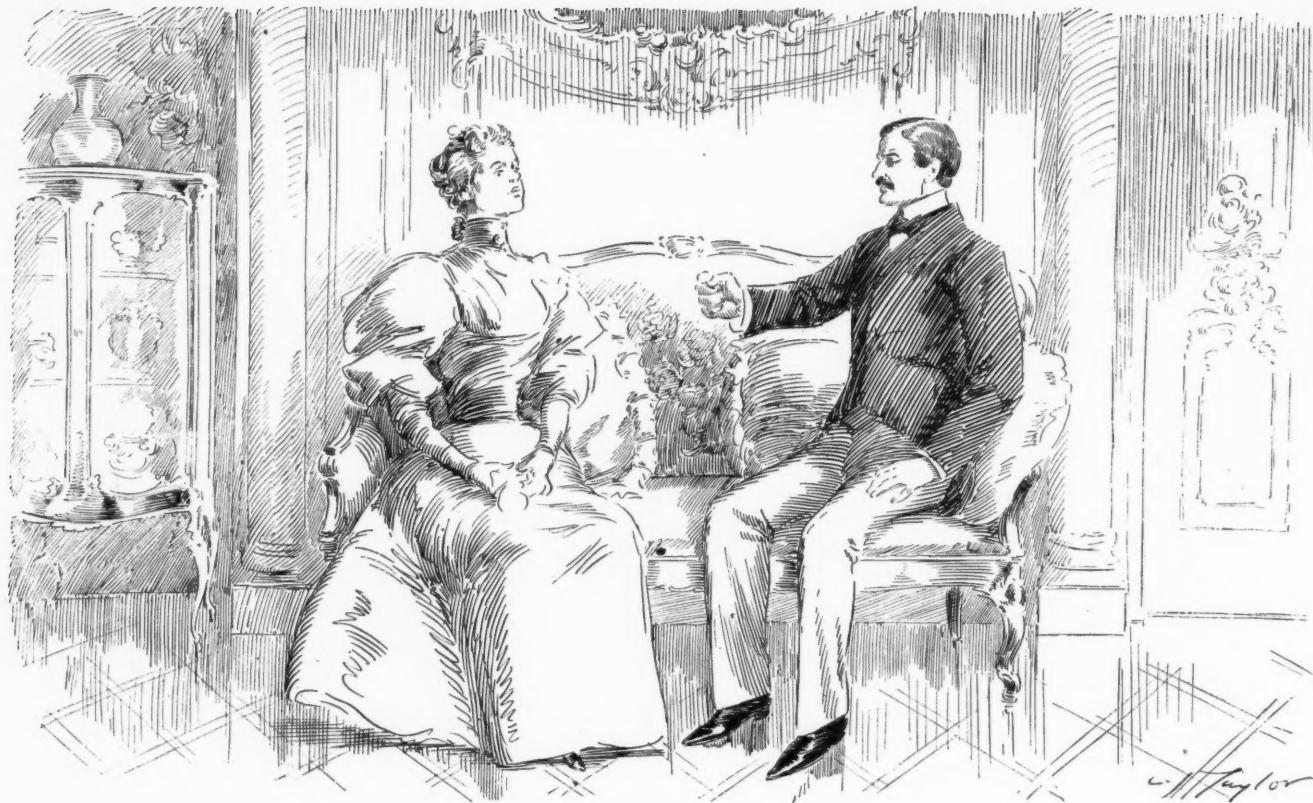


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FAITH.

INDOLENT IVERS.—Say, Fray, what makes yer allus wear dat horse-shoe in yer belt?

FRAYED FAGIN.—Dat brings me good luck, me boy; I've carried it fer years.



A STUDY IN REALISM.

HILDEGARDE.— So glad you 've come, dear ! I was just wishing to see you.

TOM (greeting her tenderly).— Just wishing ? I flattered myself that might be your usual condition, considering that you are so soon to belong to me altogether.

HILDEGARDE.— I meant a little *more* than usual —

TOM.— Darling !

HILDEGARDE.— There are some things I want to — to ask you —

TOM.— Sweetheart !

HILDEGARDE.— Yes — to ask you. Tom, dear, is Venice in Verona ?

TOM.— Venice ?

HILDEGARDE.— Yes, Venice. Is it in Verona ?

TOM (exceedingly surprised by the question, and taking refuge in meaningless gayety).— Venice is the city — the city of the sea.

HILDEGARDE (pleadingly).— Oh, don't talk nonsense ! I know it has water running through the streets; but is n't it the capital of Verona ?

TOM (bravely).— Verona, you know, is a city in Italy.

HILDEGARDE (with dignity).— I hope I know as much as *that* !

TOM.— And Venice is also — a — a sort of — city, by itself.

HILDEGARDE (with a practical air).— Then, it is n't in Verona ?

TOM.— N — no — not exactly.

HILDEGARDE.— I suppose it 's like Brooklyn — from New York ?

TOM (biting his lips).— Yes, — Venice is very like Brooklyn.

(A short silence.)

HILDEGARDE.— Tom, don't you think that a villain, even if he went to work in the most treacherous way — what do you think would be the most treacherous way a villain could try to separate two lovers ?

TOM.— Villain ? What villain ?

HILDEGARDE.— Oh, any villain ! Do you think *lies* would be the best way ?

TOM (looking at her with some surprise).— What on earth do you mean, dear ?

HILDEGARDE (earnestly).— Well, if you loved a girl and she did n't love you — and — and you wanted to get her away from the one she did love, what would you do ? Would you lay a plot to make him appear like a scoundrel, when you knew that you really were the scoundrel, yourself, or would you make him believe the girl was unworthy, so that he would cast her off in scorn and rage — which should you choose as the better way to make them both suffer ?

TOM.— What do you take me for ? I would n't choose either.

HILDEGARDE.— No, but I mean it; *please* tell me.

TOM (energetically).— So do I mean it. I have told you. Are you trying to probe my capacity for villainy ?

HILDEGARDE.— N — no — but —

TOM (becoming comfortable again).— Say ! I like you in this dress — it 's pretty.

HILDEGARDE (as if inspired by a new idea).— Oh, is it ? Then, will you make love to me, please ?

TOM (with appropriate action).— Will I ? What else am I doing ?

HILDEGARDE (reproachfully).— I want you to sit up and be serious.

TOM.— I can be just as serious, leaning back.

HILDEGARDE.— Tom, to please me — There ! that 's right. But — you look — *stiff*, somehow.

TOM.— Yes; I feel so.

HILDEGARDE.— Well, go on !

TOM.— Go on where ?

HILDEGARDE.— Tell me how much you love me, and all you feel.

TOM.— In this attitude ?

HILDEGARDE.— Why, yes !

TOM.— It would n't be possible; but, you dear little kitten, if you 'll let me tell you in my own way —

HILDEGARDE (decisively).— It is n't what I want, at all ! You must be dignified.

TOM.— Great Scott !

HILDEGARDE.— And impressive —

TOM.— Jupiter !

HILDEGARDE.— And worshiping —

TOM (with alacrity).— Oh, yes !

HILDEGARDE.— Tom ! I am very much offended.

TOM.— Then I won't be worshiping —

HILDEGARDE.— I wish you to be; but not — not in that way. Don't you know any of those lovely things *Romeo* says to *Juliet* ?

TOM.— But you would n't have me make love in any one else's words ?

HILDEGARDE.— Well, you don't make it in your own, I 'm sure ! “Pet kitten” — “Sweetheart !” No, Tom. I am earnest; a great deal depends on our talk. Suppose I should tell you that some one else loved me dearly, and had proved to me that your love was not as true and devoted as I had believed; what would you say ?

TOM (quite serious by this time).— I would ask you the man's name.

HILDEGARDE.— And if I told you, what would you do ?

TOM (coolly).— I 'd go and break his jaw.

HILDEGARDE.— Oh, how shocking ! (After a pause.) Is that all ?

TOM.— He 'd find it quite enough.

HILDEGARDE.— And would you say to him “I 'll break your — jaw ?”

TOM.— No; I would n't say anything; I 'd break it.

HILDEGARDE (piteously).— You 're awfully disappointing.

TOM.— Why am I ?

HILDEGARDE.— Because you don't answer me a bit right.

TOM (not at all crushed by this reproach).— I do my best, considering that I don't know what in thun — what in the world you are driving at with your Venices, and villains, and — (in a sudden fury) — fellows that come round slandering *me* ! But I will know, Hildegarde !

HILDEGARDE.— You foolish boy ! I 'm not driving at anything. I thought you might give me some ideas — I 'm writing a play.

Madeline S. Bridges.



A HIGH OLD EXCUSE.

MILLIE OATSTRAW.— You need n't be afraid, Mr. Bleecker; that dog has no teeth.

CHARLEY BLEECKER.— Oh, I know it! I was just doing this to make him mad!

MISS BACKBAY.— One can gaze upon Hogarth's curves forever without tiring.

MISS MANHATON.— If he's any better than Rusie he's a dandy.



EXTREMES.

SUBBUBS.— I'm going to sell my place out at Lonesomehurst. It was so cold out there last Winter I nearly froze to death.

CITY FRIEND.— Still, now that you have stood that, I should think you would not move to the city until Summer is over.

SUBBUBS.— But, you see, I can't stand the extreme heat, either.

SELF-DENIAL.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.— There's no doubt, Mrs. Uptodate is making great sacrifices in behalf of the suffrage movement.

MRS. JONES-BROWN.— Yes, indeed. She has even refused to be interviewed.

SENATORIAL MEANNESS.

MRS. CLOON.— I think it is real mean for the Senate to adjourn every time Mr. Peffer wants to speak!

MR. CLOON.— Yes; for how do they know but what he has thought of something to say?

WOOL.— We have n't heard the last of Coxey's army yet.

VAN PELT.— No-o; they will all want pensions, I expect.



A DECEPTIVE PHRASE.

REPORTER.— Well, what progress is your bill making in the Legislature?

LOBBYIST.— It is n't making any. The Committee has done nothing but report progress.

ELEVATING RETROGRESSION.

BLATANT REPUBLICAN.— You must own, sir, that the Democratic party is retrograding.

HONEST DEMOCRAT.— Well, I'll confess that it seems to be running down Hill, just at present.

A COMPLIMENTARY ACCUSATION.

MRS. BROWN.— Some people say that our minister is preaching exactly the same sermons he delivered two years ago.

BROWN.— Such statements ought to make him feel happy.

MRS. BROWN.— Why?

BROWN.— They indicate that some one has been listening to him.



NOT REALISM.

JASPER.— Do you think Stead's book, "If Christ came to Chicago," will have any success?

JUMPUPPE.— No. The idea is too wildly improbable.

MOXOM.— Is there any religion in politics?

GORE.— I dunno! I used to think there was; but since the ministers have got to mixing up in it, — I dunno, I dunno!

An ass, having come to believe that he had a grievance against the moon, went to the top of a mountain, determined to revenge himself by kicking that orb from the sky; but, to the villagers assembled in the valley below, he only appeared the more clearly and unmistakably an ass than ever, in the light of the unconscious luminary.



AN OLD FABLE WITH NEW APPLICATION.

PUCK.



WANTED THE TRIMMINGS.

His whiskers were long and white,
And hung on his waistcoat down;
And the bartender said, "I'm right
When I say, he's from out of town."

For he looked at the berry red
On a lemonade standing near;
And then to the bartender said:
"Put a berry in that there beer."

R. R. Munkittrick.

THE TRAGIC HOME-COMING OF
MR. FLATTE.

THE MOMENT Mr. Flatte entered the pleasant little parlor of his handsome suburban home, his wife did not need words to tell her that the worst had occurred. His disheveled hair, drawn face and staring eyes, not to mention that his hands were ungloved, were evidences of his great mental disturbance. He sank into a chair which was, fortunately, convenient, or he would certainly fallen on the bric-à-brac or the floor.

"It is of no use," he gasped; "I have tried my best, but fate seems against us."

His head sank forward feebly. Rushing to his side, his faithful young wife knelt before him and looked steadfastly into his eyes.

"Do not fear for me, Horace," she said firmly; "tell me all! See, I am brave, calm, strong! Let me know it all."

Struggling to sit erect, he loosened his collar — this being necessary since the words stuck in his throat — and finally said: "Listen, Madeline. You know when we subscribed for the *Daily Boom*, the *Morning Waste*, and the *Evening Gloom*, how we daily counted the coupons they published, and saved up our little earnings that we might beautify our home with 'Midnight Glimpses at the World's Fair,' 'Scenes on the Midway,' 'Celebrities of the Stage,' and 'Through Africa with Stanley,' each in forty-seven parts, and free to all readers for sixteen coupons and three hundred dollars additional?"

"Yes," she answered softly; but not without a ring of pride in her gentle voice; "and we secured them all, as well as a new Razzle puzzle



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A WILY RUSE.

PHELAN.—Well, 'pon me sowl! Sure I niver saw dagos wor-ruk the loike of that before. Have yez got them charmed, Cassidy?

CASSIDY (the contractor).—Phist! don't breathe it. 'Fore I sharted thim to wor-ruk I buried sixty cints in ould coppers wan fut deep. An' dher wor-ruking like dthe devil after hidden treasure, since!

for baby, for ten coupons and nineteen dollars, and the *Encyclopedia General* for one coupon and fifteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, yes," he muttered hoarsely; "we mortgaged the house to get them, and it seems too bad that our honest labor should go for naught. But we are still behind."

"Behind, Horace?" There was a wail in the young wife's tones.

"Last week," he resumed, looking away, for he could not meet her reproachful eyes, "the *Daily Boom*, as you know, made a new and unparalleled offer of 'Sights and Scenes on the Lagoon,' for only six coupons and four hundred and seventy dollars and ninety-five cents —"

"Go on, Horace — you had the coupons and the money when you went into town to-day."

"When I reached the counter — be brave, my dear — I found — found — that —" Again he paused, and then finished in hard tones. "I found that Part One had been entirely exhausted, and they will order no more."

A low cry greeted Mr. Flatte as he concluded, and he stooped over the prostrate form of his young wife. Nerved though she was, the cruel words had wrought their worst.

L. H. Bickford.

EXPERENTIA DOCET.

LYDDY ANN (indignantly).—She ain't shed a single tear — and him such a nice man, too!

SARAH JANE.—Well, now, this is her third — and I guess she's found out how salt water do spot up black!

IT WOULD be an undignified waste of words to criticise the Chicago poet who rhymes "warble" with "door bell."

THE WORST of the family tree is that it requires too much whitewashing to keep the insects off.

AN ODD GENIUS — A Genius Who Is Not Odd.



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IN THE VIGOROUS WEST.

ALKALI IKE.—How is it you come out to-day without your gun?

BLIZZARD BILL.—Well, you see, our last kid is teething, and I let him have it to rub his gums on.





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MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

JACK GOLDBY.—That's the rich old Mr. Munn with Miss Bronston. They say she's going to marry him for his money.

MRS. UPPERTEN (*enthusiastically*).—Well, it's positively refreshing to hear of at least *one* sensible girl making a good old-fashioned *love* match, instead of throwing herself at a penniless foreign nobleman!

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

One of the most remarkable, and, at the same time, pathetic cases that ever came to our notice, is that of our friend, John Bludsoe, familiarly known as "Cactus Jack,"

who, it will be remembered, was shot by Presiding Elder Hammerslaw at the baptizing down near Billybee Dam, some four months ago. Despite the fact that fourteen buckshot from the Elder's gun found lodgement in Jack's body, the latter, thanks to his wonderful constitution, is again on our streets; but, sad to relate, the poor fellow finds himself so full of holes that he can not hold whiskey.

FOR CONSISTENCY'S SAKE.

There's an Angel of Life,
And an Angel of Death,
And an Angel of Love;
And, of course,
For consistency's sake,
There should be in this land
A bright angel to stand
For Divorce.

R. K. M.

TO THE pure not all baking powders are pure.

A COOKING SCHOOL.—Matrimony.

THE PARTY who shakes the tree does n't always get the most apples.

THE PATHS of glory lead to a good many political graves.

SOME MEN give one the impression that if they were pricked with a pin there would be nothing left of them.

A WORD TO the wise is generally sufficient to get the adviser into trouble.



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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

TOMMY (*with covetous eyes*).—What! All that big lot of cake for Grandma?

MAMA.—No, dear; this is for you.

TOMMY.—Oh-h-h—what a little bit!,

A YOUNG MAN met an elderly divine on a railroad train, the other day, and remarked:

"What is the best thing to keep hair from falling out?"

The divine arose to his utmost inch and replied:

"PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 11TH CROP."

"What is it worth?"

"It is worth a million dollars, but it is sold for twenty-five cents," responded the holy man.

"And where can I get it?"

"Of any respectable newsdealer in the country."

"Thank you very much," replied the young man, extending a bronchial troche; "I shall purchase one instant."

On the succeeding day the following appeared in the *Scientific Irishman*:

BALTIMORE, Feb. 31, 1894.

Publishers PICKINGS FROM PUCK —

Gentlemen:

For twenty years I had been suffering from acute baldness. Having tried everything else in vain, I was, one day, advised to try your publication. Two weeks after I began, my hair was so long that a dime museum offered me fifty dollars per week to appear as the hairy man of Borneo. I owe you a debt of gratitude that no sheriff can ever collect.

Yours truly,

MEEKER VAN BLUM.

Yale Mixture
A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.



THE CHOICEST SMOKING TOBACCO THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE OR THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

A 2oz. trial package postpaid for 25 cents.
MARBURG BROS.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor
BALTIMORE, MD.

50c. PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50c.

VICTOR SASH!



IT IS CORRECT.

Opens in front with Patent Ferris Buttons, has pockets and buttonhole for watch-chain. A practical Summer vest.

Black Cashmere each, \$1.50

Black and Navy Wool Serge 2.00

Black and Navy Surah Silk 3.00

Fancy Vesting (Black, with Blue Silk Dots)

Sent by mail if you can not get them in your town.

Send in ordering, give waist measure.

HEWES & POTTER, 42 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.
EXTENDED FOLDED

Send for illustrated catalog.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Vigoral gives strength!

Served at all Fountains and Buffets.

Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

HOW TO KNOW.
SKIPPER.—Is that a private yacht?
HELMSMAN.—Wait a minute, sir, till I find out; if she is, she'll soon be in collision with something.

—Truth.

WHENEVER religion or the liquor question is discussed, rioting follows.

—Atchison Globe.

• "THE BENEDICT." •

Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made. It is oblong, goes in like a wedge and flies around across the button-hole; no wear or tear. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold. Can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Manufactured for the trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,
23 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

TRANSPOSITION.

LITTLE FLOSSIE.—Are you going to throw away your short dresses when you come out in society?

LITTLE MILLIE.—No, indeed. Just move them down.—Truth.

INSTEAD of going to hell when he dies, a man ought to be born again, and be a woman.—Atchison Globe.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION
OF THE AGE. HAVE IT.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75¢ PER CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS, PHILADELPHIA.



The Whole World Knows Columbias.

They are safe to buy. Agents do not always know thoroughly the bicycles they sell. Honest men sometimes recommend inferior wheels. We have always made the highest grade bicycles therefore any machine bearing a Columbia plate number is sure to be

right as a bicycle can be made. Moreover, Columbias are backed by a broad, liberal, and reliable guarantee.

Every intending purchaser of a bicycle should see the beautiful illustrated Columbia catalogue. It is free at our agencies, or we mail it for two two-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.,
Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENIC LINE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

PACIFIC COAST TOURISTS SHOULD NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ROUTE

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned man who was satisfied with a "good living?"—Atchison Globe.



PRACTICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

MR. BOOZEY FULLER (as the train swings round 53d St.)—They shayees elevated road people (hic) are very cute; but it is dead easy to get on to their curves!



THAT IS THE QUESTION.

PURCHASER.—How do they manage to sell those magazines so cheap?

NEWSDEALER.—How do they manage to sell those cheap magazines, you mean!

—Truth.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Were there many at the ball?"

"Yes; the place was crowded. It was a private affair, you know.—Truth."

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

This world-known product has received highest awards at all the Principal World's Exhibitions since 1867, and since 1885 has been declared

J. Liebig Above Competition

HE KNEW HER.
MRS. FIDGET.—Now, Tommy, I want you to be as quiet as a mouse!

TOMMY (scornfully).—Huh! If I was a mouse, you'd jump up on a chair and yell!

—Truth.

It is not what we know about the next world that frightens us, but what we don't know.—Atchison Globe.

CHARITY covereth a multitude of impostors.—Truth.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS FOUND ON VICTOR BICYCLES



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. DETROIT. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

BICYCLES



which wear well and are sold at fair prices are what you want.

They are the

HARTFORDS.

Better have a CATALOGUE.

THE HARTFORD CYCLE CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Women and Women Only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of **Cuticura Soap**, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the preparation of curative washes, solutions, etc., for annoying irritations, chafings, and excoriations of the skin and mucous membrane or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

Like all others of the **Cuticura Remedies**, the **Cuticura Soap** appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, and is beyond all comparison the *most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap* as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK - 50 CENTS.

**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,
Branch, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

VERY PUNCTUAL.
JIMSON.—Is Mr. Noodles in?

BOY.—Not yet; but I expect him every minute.

“It’s ten o’clock, is n’t it?”

“Most. The clock will strike in half a minute, if not sooner. There she goes!”

“All right! I promised to be here at ten o’clock and pay him some money. Tell him I called and he was n’t in.” *(Rushes off.)* —*New York Weekly.*

SCARCITY OF SILVER.

GUEST (facetiously).—There are two spoons in my teacup. What is that a sign of?

HOSTESS’S LITTLE SON.—That’s a sign that somebody else hasn’t got any spoon.

—*Street & Smith’s Good News.*

THERE are men who count on getting to heaven because they sometimes give away an old coat. —*Ram’s Horn.*

THE DRUM IN POSITION.



My heart is very sad to-night,
Unrest is in the air;

I cannot tell just which it is:

Dyspepsia or despair.

—*Washington Star.*

It is dyspepsia,
and

A • Ripans • Tabule
will dispel it.

DEAFNESS
and **Head Noises** relieved by using
Wilson’s Common-Sense Ear Drums.

New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices, used by deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.
Mention PUCK. LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEARLY RIGHT.
LITTLE BOY (writing a composition).—I want to use that saying that’s in our copy book, but I can’t remember it all: “Man glories in his strength, Woman glories in—” What’s the rest, I wonder?

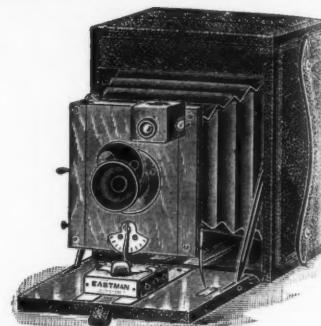
LITTLE GIRL.—Let me see. Woman glories in her—her hat.—*Street & Smith’s Good News.*

WOULD NOT SOUND WELL.

CLARA.—The paper says that in Italy they have begun to number the clocks from 1 to 24, beginning at 10 o’clock in the morning.

DORA.—That’s short! Just imagine how Pa would look if we had to tell him that Arthur and Gus staid until 23 o’clock.—*New York Weekly.*

\$15.00 Size, Folded 5 1/4 x 5 1/4 x 6 1/2 in.
Size of Picture 4 x 5 in.



The Folding Kodet. Equal to any

glass plate camera in the market except our Sixty Dollar Folding Kodak. Latest improvements, new shutters, finest adjustments. Adapted to snap shot or tripod work. Handsomely finished in mahogany and leather.

The Folding Kodet with one double plate holder, Roll Holder for film (Ready in 30 days) \$15.00
10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Send for '94 Catalogue.



IN WASHINGTON.

MISS BRIDGER (examining figure in Smithsonian Institute).—“Fatigue Uniform?” There does n’t seem to be much uniform about it.

PRIVATE SMITH (on duty there).—No, Miss; but the *fatigue* part is all right.

Certified Milk.

Every dairy supplying our condenseries is under supervision. Milk is produced under rigid hygienic rules. The company’s reputation is therefore a certificate of the absolute purity of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

DON’T DIET.—If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, habitual constipation or sick headache, don’t diet. You need the strength that good food gives. Eat whatever you want, but take one of Dr. Deane’s Dyspepsia Pills after meals until cured. If you are constipated get bottle with white label, otherwise with yellow. For sale by druggists generally, and by Dr. J. A. Deane Co., Kingston, N. Y.

CARL UPMANN’S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America’s Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere. “Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency”—World’s Columbian Exposition, 1893

ELY’S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

THE SOFT GLOW OF
The tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni’s Complexion Powder. Try it.

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CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
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20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy,
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
D. K. LONG & CO., 103 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
“Every one should read this little book.”—*Athenaeum.*

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED
by PUCK’s Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers
beard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold **FREE**
only by F. HISCOX, 858 B’way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs.

AGENTS

We guarantee \$1 per day easy, quick
and sure to workers. Great seller. Write
quick. Royal Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

WHAT the inebriate sees may very often be described as a circular saw.—*Texas Sifters.*

“THE MOST WONDERFUL AMERICAN WATER”

HEALTH, PLEASURE AND LENGTH OF DAYS,

Monodonderry
Sparkling Delicious.

Charles B. Perkins & Co.,
Selling Agents,
31 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.



There was an old woman, as I've heard tell;
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.



There came by an old chap with scissors big and stout,
He trimmed her skirts off all around about;
He trimmed off her skirts with his fingers deft,
And one single flounce was all that he left.



When the poor old woman first did awake,
She began to shiver and then began to shake;
She began to wonder, then began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me; this is none of I!
But if it be I, as I don't think it be,
I've a big dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his noble tail,
And if it be not I, he will loudly wail."



Home came the old woman, just about dark,
Up got the big dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, and she began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me; this is none of I!"